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T H E
NEGOTIATORS.

O R,

DON DIEGO brought to Reason.

An Excellent

New BALLAD.

Tune of *Packington's Pound.*



L O N D O N:

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1738

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PROTASION

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T H E NEGOTIATORS.

Tune of, *Packington's Pound.*

I.

O U R Merchants and Tarrs a strange Pother have made,
With Losses sustain'd in their Ships and their Trade :
But now they may laugh, and quite banish their Fears,
Nor mourn for lost Liberty, Riches, or *Ears* :
 Since *Blue-string* the Great,
 To better their Fate,
 Once more has determin'd he will *Negotiate* ;
And swears the proud *Don*, whom he dares not to fight,
Shall submit to his Logick, and do 'em all Right.

II.

No sooner the Knight had declar'd his Intent,
But straight to the *Irish Don Diego* he went ;
And lest, if alone, of Success he might fail,
Took with him his Brother to *Balance* the Scale :
 For long he had known,
 What all Men must own,
 That Two Heads were ever deem'd better than One :
And sure in *Great Britain* no two Heads there are
That can with the *Knight's* and his *Brother's* compare.

III.

These Worthies arriving at *Don Diego's* Gate,
A long while in the Street were obliged to wait :
They, at length, were let into a Room without Fire,
And to speak with *Don Diego* most humbly desire ;
 They tarry'd full long,
 Yawn'd, whistled and sung,
 With Impatience at length they began to be stung ;
When a Servant demanded their Message in Writing,
For the *Don* had been purged that Day, and was Sh——g.

IV.

On this they arose, and prepar'd to be gone,
 Presenting their humble Respects to the *Don*,
 They said they'd attend him next Day, if he pleas'd;
 In order to which his Man's Fift was well greas'd:
 So without further Speeches,
 H— tuck'd up his Breeches,
 (Pray note what great Patience *Negotiating* teaches)
 And both Knight and Squire for that time went away,
 Resolving to wait on *Don Diego* next Day.

V.

When the Morrow was come, to the *Don* they repair,
 Who bid them the Cause of their Visit declare.
 Quoth the Knight, Noble *Don*, I am come to implore,
 That you would their Ships to our Merchants restore:
 For, sure as a Gun,
 I shall else be undone,
 And whither for Refuge, alas! shall I run?
 You very well know my sad Case, that I dare
 Neither *ask you for Peace*, nor yet *offer you War*.

VI.

Quoth *H*—, I beg, gentle *Don*, I may join
 In the humble Request of this Brother of mine;
 And surely I hope he may merit your Pity,
 Since for you he has labour'd in every Treaty.
 Were each *Secret Evil*
 In the Treaty of *S—lle*,
 Fully known, he would quickly be sent to the Devil:
 And since he so often has ventur'd a Halter,
 Who knows but at last he may give up *G—r*?

VII.

Consider how often himself he expos'd,
 And 'twixt You and *Great Britain's* just Rage interpos'd:
 When her Fleets were equipp'd, you must certainly know,
 By him they were hinder'd from striking a Blow.
 Thus *Hofier* the brave
 Was sent to his Grave,
 On an Errand which better had fitted a Slave;
 Being order'd to take (if he could) your Galleons,
 By the Force of *Persuasion*, not that of his *Guns*.

VIII.

Quoth the *Don*, what you say, my good Friends, may be true,
 But I wonder that you for such Varlets will sue.
 Merchants! ha! they were once *Sturdy Beggars*, I think,
 And were I in your Place, I would let them all sink.
 They oppos'd your *Excise*;
 Thus, if you are wise,
 Reject their Petitions, be deaf to their Cries;
 And let us like Brothers together agree,
 You *Excise* them on *Land*, I'll *Excise* them at *Sea*.

IX. Noble

IX.

Noble *Don*, quoth the Knight, I should heartily close
 (For hugely I like it) with what you propose :
 Our Merchants are grown very faucey and rich,
 And 'tis Time to prepare a good Rod for their Breech :
 Were I *once* to *speake true*,
 Give the Devil his due,
 I love them as little, nay, far less than you ;
 And would willingly crush them, but that I'm afraid
 Of this a bad Use by my Foes might be made.

X.

Sir Knight, quoth the *Don*, 'tis in vain to discourse,
 For Words are with me of no manner of Force ;
 If you mean to convince me, Sir *Blue-string*, you must
 Without farther Prating, *come down with your Dust*.
 Then, for one Year or twain,
 They shall quiet remain,
 After which I'll fall on with fresh Fury again :
 If you like my Proposal, strait count out the Guineas,
 Or else pray be gone like a Couple of Ninnies.

XI.

When the *Don* had done speaking, the Knight and his Brother
 For a Time, like stuck Pigs, stood and star'd at each other ;
 But finding at last that he scorn'd for to stoop,
 They immediately gave him a Warrant on *S—p* :
 Then strutting away,
 To each other they say,
 Our Politicks have put off this Evil Day :
 Let us now to our Master, and swear that the Nation
 Had been lost, were it not for our *Negotiation*.

XII.

To *S—* *J—*'s they went, and accosted the *K—*,
 And said, My *D—* *L—*ge, happy Tidings we bring.
Don Diego at first was as stiff as the Devil,
 But we soon found a Method to make him more civil :
 We shew'd him the Amount
 Of the Merchants Account,
 And told him your *M—*'s Sword was not blunt ;
 At which he began for to tremble and quake,
 And promises *full Satisfaction* to make.

XIII.

How happy is *Britain* such Heroes to breed,
 To stand by the Nation in Cases of Need !
 What a Great Man is he ! who his Enemies beats,
 Without the Assistance of Armies or Fleets ?
 He can quell ev'ry Foe,
 Without striking a Blow,
 And can conquer *as far as the Money will go* :
 And when he at last has exhausted your Store,
 On his *Personal Credit* he'll borrow you more.

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